

Title: Origins of Aragothias

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Author: Lord Aragothias

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Satih Ogara

Compiled by the Corps of  
Kortia.

\*In your hands you hold  
an Ancient Tome, written  
in blood and bound in the  
scales of a dragon\*

Scribes Note: Let it be  
known that this shall be  
the only true record of  
Satih Ogara, the one  
later to be known as  
Lord Aragothias. By  
crusade of the Corps of  
Kortia all mention of this  
dreaded being shall be  
purged, his deeds, his  
flesh, his very name shall  
be washed away from the  
land... forever.

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It is said both great and  
terrible men have one  
thing in common, simple  
origins. A common  
starting place that their  
life is most unexpectedly  
uncommon. The same holds  
true here, in the torrid  
history of Satih Ogara.

In the time before Kings  
there was born a son to  
a wilderness woodcutter,  
a family name was given  
to him, and he was called  
Satih. In those dark and  
chaotic times there  
roamed an intelligent race  
of Dragons. These  
Dragonkin protected and  
taught the budding race  
of men in their small

corner of Sosaria. The kingdoms of men were not yet built, and the Lorded Council of the Dragonkin ruled both the skies and the land.

Among these intelligent dragons was a youthfull drake, he was called Tharen. Satih and Tharen grew to be close friends, despite their differences the two were inseparable. For years the two adventured the lands in the far north of what would later be called Britannia...

In what is estimated to be Satih's 12th summer, an order came down from the Council of Dragonkin, there was a prophesy which named Satih as the catalyst which would begin the downfall of Dragonkin. Satih was to be killed, and Tharen was ordered to assassinate him.

Tharen lured the young Satih to the great Waterfall and lunged upon him tearing open the boys chest. Certain the deed was done the youthfull dragon tossed the seemingly lifeless body of Satih Ogara onto the rocks below the cascade.

Yet the waters of the world were still alive with the powers of creation and thus from the great falls, the boy was made whole again...

The boy washed far down the river and eventually was found by farmer who had a daughter named Hannah; and for a time Satih was raised as Hannah's brother. The two quickly fell in love,

as the young do, much to the displeasure of Hannah's family... there came a day when the farmer heard a familiar name mentioned at market, that of Satih and finally having a way of ridding himself of the boy... Hannah's father sprung into action, and detailed his plan of killing the boy himself to his family, the daughter would not have it but eventually bowed to the will of her father, it was decided that the next morning the deed would be done and the lifeless body would be taken to the Dragonkin to gain favor and reward... It is most unfortunate that the boy was hidden nearby... for in the night Satih Ogora murdered the lot of them in their sleep with a hatchet, after which the boy disappeared into the forest.

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A decade later there sprung rumors of a great army in the mountains, the harsh actions of the Dragonkin had planted a seed of distrust within men and many flocked to the banner of a Great Lord named Aragothias. Stories were widely told and exajurated of the Great Aragothias, determined to carve a place for humanity out of the Kingdom of Dragons.

The Armies of men kept the influence of Dragonkin away from the Keep being built atop the mountains which would later be called Covetous... an ill fated peace was born, and the Dragonkin sought

to contain this threat to their power, and humanity flourished within the borders of the small kingdom. With time the strained peace was broken between Humanity and Dragonkin and a great war began, into the Destard Mountains

Aragothias led his armies and cut the heart from the chest of every dragon within the cave. It seemed that Man had won the day and the Dragons were no more... and to the Keep Aragothias and his armies went to celebrate, with ale, wine, women and sex the troop hardly noticed when the keep began to shake and crumble. By the time the chanting of the spell reached the throne of Aragothias it was too late.

Outside was the Great Ancient Dragon Kortia and the remaining Dragonkin chanting... "In Vas Por" and the very mountains consumed the Keep of Aragothias... Sealing them entire within the mountains... a tomb of stone.

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Within the tomb Aragothias and his people were in total darkness and food stores quickly spoiled. In the darkness humanity quickly gave way to desperation as Aragothias stalked his people in the dark, eating the raw flesh from their bones... one by one, Aragothias stalked them in the dark.

None were spared.

Somewhere after that

the body of the Lord of Covetous gave up, and only his spirit roamed the halls, unaware of his own demise... madness consumed him and the spirits and undead forms of his army slowly chipped away at the mountains. Tunnels twisted and turned, and for centuries chipping and chiseling could be heard coming from within the rocks. Thus was born the Dungeon of Covetous.

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In the darkness Aragothias sat on his throne of cold stone, had it been years or seconds? Days or centuries? He did not know, the only certainty was the darkness which comforted him... It was in this darkness that Aragothias heard a voice:  
“Do you want to live?”

The voice was that of the Demon Phakebrus, and Aragothias was reborn, a monster of madness possessed by a demon... From behind the scenes we, the Corps of Kortia stood watch, and guided the child Claudia Raym against the demonic whims of Aragothias/Phakebrus. Dragonkin had once last chance at dissolving the prophesy of Satih... The people of Britannia rose up and destroyed both Aragothias and Phakebrus.

It was then we took to the task of removing all traces of history from the annals of lore regarding Aragothias, so that he will never again be brought forth into creation.

Beware the monster of  
Aragothias, maddened by  
centuries in darkness,  
tempered by the flames  
of infernalism, and torn  
from life twice.

May these scales of  
Kortia forever hold the  
secrets of Aragothias  
from the world.

++ The Corps of Kortia  
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\*Written in exquisite  
handwriting these following  
words appear to have  
been burned into the back  
cover of the tome\*